

FEBRUARY 1937

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 2

A Bill is before the British Parliament to provide for the abolition of vivisection upon dogs. It has had a first reading.

For every 59 men under arms in 1913, there are no fewer than 76 now. So reports the League of Nations.

Fontenelle was said by one of his friends to have been blessed with two brains and no heart.

A certain Thomas Aurelio of New York City was fined \$50 by the judge and his license taken away for six months for hitting a dog with his car and hurrying away from the accident. Convictions for such indifference to what an animal may be suffering are growing constantly more common.

Congratulations to the Massachusetts Audubon Society for securing the conviction and fining of a man who shot and killed a bald eagle near Gloucester, this state. The *Bulletin* of the Society says: "It is lamentably true that this bird is being rapidly reduced in numbers through ignorance and public apathy." The bald eagle is protected by law in Massachusetts.

On the authority of the British Field Sports Society, the *Animals' Friend*, London, England, tells us that it costs the fox hunters of England nearly \$500 to kill a fox and that between "December, 1936, and October, 1937, some \$60,000,000 will be spent in hunting and approximately 15,000 foxes killed." Our hunting record is bad enough in the United States, so that we hesitate to criticize our English neighbors, but we have no such stories to tell here in which the fox is the pitiable victim. In many sections fox hunting with dogs and horses is forbidden by law.

In Which Class Are We?

THERE are people always ready to affirm their love for children—but it's their children, not all children. So there are people who are fond of animals, but it's their animals, not all animals. Or the animals they are fond of must be fine animals, well-bred, clean, handsome creatures. The lonely, half-starved, diseased alley cat, the rough looking, unattractive, ill-tempered dog—these—well, to the real lover of animals these also have a place in his affection and regard.

Mr. Arthur Hedley in *The Animals' Defender*, writing of "Dickens and His Dogs," calls attention to this difference of which we have spoken. We gladly quote from his article:

We love Charles Dickens, because he showed the same kindly and tender feelings to a plain ugly creature as he did to his own majestic St. Bernard dogs.

This is beautifully illustrated in the story of "Dombey and Son." When the beautiful Florence lost her beloved brother Paul, she felt sad and lonely because she knew her father had no affection for her. She was conscious that she was an unwanted child, and that her father couldn't bear her in his presence. In her sorrow she found consolation in the companionship of "Diogenes," a dog who had nothing attractive in his personal appearance. He "was as ridiculous a dog as one could meet with on a summer's day; a blundering, ill-favored, clumsy bullet-headed dog with hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, and an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice." Yet this same ugly Diogenes, because of his devotion, was dearer to Florence than the most valuable and beautiful of his kind. Nothing is more touching and beautiful in all literature than the story of Diogenes' friendship and devotion to his mistress during her long years of loneliness and sorrow.

The famous novelist couldn't bear to see

any animal suffer, and he could enter into their feelings with an understanding sympathy. The more a creature was despised and neglected the more he was drawn toward it.

Blame the Parents, Not the Children

During the last few weeks of 1936, in Massachusetts, three deaths occurred from guns in the hands of small children. In one case a grandfather was visiting his son and daughter when a small lad came into the room with the gun of his father; the gun went off and the grandfather was instantly killed. In the other two cases two small lads killed two of their playmates.

Parents who keep weapons where they can be found by children or who make presents of deadly weapons to their children—they, and not the children, must take the blame. In the first eleven months of 1936 one person collected clippings from a limited number of papers of 39 deaths from guns in the hands of children 15 years of age or younger.

In spite of all this, public opinion is growing rapidly against making it possible for children to have guns and even the opposition to toy guns as gifts is increasing. For example, the police department of New York, accustomed in the past to distributing a certain number of toy guns at Christmas, has abandoned the practice, the Deputy Police Commissioner having said, "I am in sympathy with the campaign to eliminate this type of toy, and we are more than glad to take an active part in this campaign to eliminate dangerous weapons as playthings."

The annual prize poster contest of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., open to schools in Massachusetts, closes March 20, 1937. Write to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for particulars.

When Will It Be?

ELLA C. FORBES

*How good a thing when it shall be
That birds shall have security;
When ravages shall not be made
Upon their plumage for the trade.
We humans have not any right
To rob them of their joyous flight.*

*Yet, Fashion stretches forth her hand,
And beauty dies at her demand;
Because of her imperious will
Some little fellow's wings are still.
For woman, be she this or that,
Must have a feather in her hat.*

*The fox, the beaver and the seal,
Whose fur has such a silky feel;
The squirrel and a host of others,
All of them younger, weaker brothers,
Condemn us from unnumbered throats
In that they die to grace our coats.*

*Yet, do we feel this should not be?
This slaughter done for you and me?
The hours in which they suffer so?
The dread in which they come and go?
That fashion may be satisfied,
How many helpless things have died!*

U. S. Treasurer Joins Jack London Club

The signature of W. A. Julian, treasurer of the United States, heads a list of more than 600 members secured recently for the Jack London Club by Mrs. Julian, who writes that the most of these memberships were taken in Washington during a two months' period. If all who profess interest in animal welfare would take similar pains in securing members for the Club, the day would soon arrive when we should be free from cruelties in training animals for stage performances.

Join the Jack London Club and so help to stop cruelty in connection with trained animal performances. No officers; no dues. Write for information to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

The Noble Sea Lion

W. J. BANKS

IT is a hard and somewhat uncertain life upon which the northern sea lion pup first opens his eyes in June or early July. The rookeries are the barren, wave-swept rocks off the western coast of America from arctic waters to California. The northern or Steller sea lions are the largest in the world, the great bulls weighing 1,500 pounds and upwards. The southern portion of their range overlaps that of the smaller, agile California sea lion, who performs tricks at the circus. His bulk, timidity and inability to live in fresh water has saved the splendid northern animal from this form of slavery to man's perverted desire for amusement.

At birth the pup is not only clumsy on land but, believe it or not, unable to swim! This is due to the fact that the sea lion's ancestors were not always marine animals, but land dwellers of the bear family. Doubtless forced from their natural haunts by stronger enemies, they took to the sea, and nature proceeded to adapt gradually the succeeding generations to a more watery existence. So now the sea lions can travel for months at sea without touching land; but they are still more at home on solid ground than the true seals. Sea bears would be a more appropriate name, for they are not related to the king of beasts.

If he is not drowned by storm-tossed waves, before he is big enough to swim, the unfortunate pup may be crushed during one of the constant fights between the huge bulls on the rookeries. Then, after he is taught to swim by his mother, who simply tosses him into the water when she thinks the time is ripe, he has to watch out for sharks or killer whales, natural enemies of the sea lions. Those fortunate enough to survive the summer stay with their mothers during the long winter trip into the ocean, and until they return to the rookeries the following year to give birth to new offspring. In five or six years the males are ready to appropriate a choice site of their own on the rookery, defend it in a thousand battles, and establish a harem of five to

twenty cows.

Though fortunate in the lack of a valuable fur such as almost meant extinction for the fur seal herd, the sea lions nevertheless have been slaughtered extensively for their oil. Fishing interests, claiming that the sea lions ate huge quantities of commercial fish, also caused the death of many. This charge, however, has been shown by scientific research to be largely unjustified. The sea lions are an admirable species, worthy of protection on their bleak offshore homes.

Unemployed Animals

Since the depression, animal lovers have been especially busy, for unemployment has increased among animals as well as among men, writes Madelin Blitzstein in the *Telegram*, Worcester, Mass. The streets of towns and cities are crowded with stray dogs and cats and the administrations all over the country have cut out the dog-catcher's pay from the budget. Consequently, volunteer women dog-catchers have had to assume the work of gathering up homeless dogs and cats and finding homes for them.

In the United States today the greatest unemployment, according to the latest statistics, is among cats; of the 120,000,000 cats in the country, more than 65 per cent are unemployed strays. But many offices and buildings still continue to keep a cat or two on their "payrolls."

The *Catalyst*, a magazine published by the American Chemical Society, recently commented on the cat situation thus:

"A staff of cats is employed by the National Printing Office of France to protect the paper from rodents. In Hong Kong it is compulsory for a cat to be kept in every house; in the larger houses three are required.

"In England the official Mousers of the British Treasury have been carried on the payrolls for as long as men can remember, and the pay, twopence a day—recently raised to three-pence—has been a regular item in the bill of the state administration."



STELLER SEA LIONS, SEA OTTER ISLANDS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Animals and Celebrations

L. E. EUBANKS

Four dumb animals could have a vote on the subject, I suspect that such days as Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter would become very unpopular. Many thousands of people are completely indifferent as to the suffering of animals; if imposition on the dumb creatures will add to so-called pleasure or profit, that's all that matters.

The inconsiderate, not to say heartless treatment of rabbits and chickens at Easter has finally called out some remonstrance. Mrs. M. W. Baldwin, of Sioux City, Iowa, aroused the right feeling when she wrote, "During the last week Easter rabbits and kittens have been brought to the shelter for disposal. They were once fluffy white, pink-nosed playful little creatures that had been given to children as gifts at Easter time and constant handling had reduced them to subjects for the chloroform box."

The city of Milwaukee has adopted an ordinance at the behest of the Wisconsin Humane Society relative to the display and sale of dyed baby chicks. It reads:

"No person or dealer shall display or sell dyed, colored, or in any way artificially treated baby chicks or ducklings as pets or novelties. This ordinance shall not be construed to prohibit the display or sale of natural chicks or ducklings in proper brooder facilities by hatcheries or stores engaged in the business of selling the same to be raised for food; but no such store or hatchery shall sell baby chicks as pets or novelties.

"Any person, firm or corporation violating any of the provisions of this section shall be punished by a fine of not less than one dollar nor more than twenty-five dollars for each and every offense."

Boake Carter's Tribute to His Dog

BOAKE CARTER, the widely known news commentator for the Philco Radio Company, speaking to some 6,000,000 listeners, November 24, last, paid this rarely beautiful and touching tribute to his faithful and devoted dog, "Rags," who had just passed into the "Great Beyond."

To a Gentleman

Today—a gentleman died. Not many people knew him. But I—I had that great and good fortune. He had a heart of gold. His loyalty to his friends was of that unswerving kind, unassailable by the perfidies or treacheries of vacillating mankind.

He used to sit with me by the hour and never say a word—and yet his very silence spoke volumes with a greater pungency than could be attained by the spoken word itself.

His courage was of steel—yet he could be as gentle of touch as the brush of a wind-blown thistle-down from a country field against the human face. I watched him as a young man—with all a youngster's juvenile quips, pranks and fancies, and the twinkle of mischief in his eyes.

I watched the habits of maturity fasten themselves upon him as the years slipped by. I traveled with him many thousands of miles, and no more understanding co-wanderer could one find, search he high or low, far or wide. He never thrust himself upon others. He never grew excited and he never bored you with airy persiflage and aimless conversation. He knew the life of shipboard, for he sailed many a round-trip voyage from New York and Mexico. He even once sampled that most modern form of transportation—only, it must be admitted, at my coaxing—and flew to Chicago and back with me.

Yet, withal, he was a venturesome fellow. Once he fell off a Rhode Island cliff, to suffer injury that demanded the utmost patience and taxed his spirit sorely, for the doctors thrust him into a plaster of Paris cast.

Once, he even fell out of my automobile on the outskirts of New Haven, but the hospital assured us both that a miracle had occurred. No injuries, beyond a few scratches, could be found. And so Time went on—until one day a malignant tumor, with which he had wrestled for a year or two, struck suddenly a deadly blow. Its poison destroyed the sight of his right eye.

From then on began the gradual sinking of a great and kindly soul. He struggled valiantly not to show his impediment, or permit it to inconvenience him. His spirit he kept high. He talked, laughed, with his long white teeth shining out from between the moustache and beard of which he was so proud—and his step was firm. But every now and then, when someone came up from his right side to greet him, only then did he falter, and I realized that things were not as they used to be. And so Time passed on again—and gradually the sight of the one good eye grew dimmer and dimmer—until suddenly it, too, went out like the flame of some last candle of light.

And then he turned to me for reliance and help as his best friend. It used to hurt to see him sitting dejectedly by himself, a picture of abandonment, his chin almost on his chest, the orbs of his unseeing eyes a lifeless mist of blue. Every now and then he used to shake his head, as though he hoped this would clear away that mist. But it was no use.

With help and patience he learned to circumvent objects by feel and sense of touch. But once he fell down a flight of steps, and then the bumps began to come more often. He smiled a little, but not as often. He talked seldom. His sense of smell became blunted. He only slept—like old gentlemen snooze comfortably in the club arm chair, when they really get on in years.

United States Senator George Vest once remarked: "The best friend a man has may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The only absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog."

And thus my dog—Rags—of whom you have heard me speak once or twice before, the wiriest of wire-haired, but withal a gentleman of the old school, with



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ARLISS, STAUNCH FRIENDS OF ANIMALS

punctilious manners, but a superb appreciation of what honest comradeship can mean, went on into the Great Beyond of All Dogs today—at the ripe old age of thirteen.

I shall miss him when I go home to-night.

Good night.

Horses in Winter

The Scottish S. P. C. A., Edinburgh, issued the following last December:

At this cold season the Directors of the Scottish S. P. C. A. desire to plead for the horses which one sees drawn up at the sides of streets and roads. When the horses are standing still, their loins should be covered by a rug, an old coat or a dry sack. If the loins are kept warm, the horse gets warmth through his body, kidneys and legs. This is a simple kindness which every driver can show, and which will be amply repaid by the better service which his horse will be able to render in consequence.

Thoroughbreds

LUCIEN M. LEWIS

*I saw an aged thoroughbred
Hitched to a heavy wagon. Head
Dejected and with frail legs bowed,
Unsteadily he pulled his load.
So fine his coat, so keen his eyes,
I saw at once through his disguise,
For underneath fate's cruel stings
I saw the blood of equine kings.
And as I watched he pricked his ears—
Did he in dreams hear shouts and cheers?
The jockey's cry, the pounding hoof,
The roar of throngs that shook the roof?
Poor thoroughbred with blood so blue,
Brave thoroughbred, God pity you!
And may He in His mercy ban,
Whether in animal or man,
All thoroughbreds from cruel load,
From tyrant's lash and junkman's goad!*



"I SAW THE BLOOD OF EQUINE KINGS"

Don't Blame the Cat

HENRY H. GRAHAM

FROM time to time the fish and game departments get the jitters because tame cats are abandoned in the trackless forests where they often go wild and constitute a menace to desirable furred and feathered life. Several newspaper stories dealing with this nomadic feline army have gone out over the leased wire services.

There seems no doubt that the practice of getting rid of cats by dumping them off in the wilds is a bad one, not only for the felines themselves but for small creatures as well. But the cats should not be blamed; rather the fault lies with motorists and others who are guilty of this inhumane, thoughtless procedure.

When thrown on their own resources it is only natural for cats to kill birds and small animals. Hunger is a potent force and everything must eat or starve. Next to the law of self-preservation it is the strongest urge of all. Human beings would do anything to keep from starving if in the wilderness, and the lower animals follow the same practice. Cats are seldom killers when fed regularly by their owners. When not fed they must hunt food themselves, getting it any way they can.

One day in the Sawtooth mountains of Idaho I heard a mewing in the bushes. Upon investigating I found a beautiful gray cat with a litter of three baby kittens. As they were far from civilization I felt sure the mother had been abandoned shortly before giving birth to her offspring. My heart went out to this little wilderness family, suddenly cast adrift at a most inopportune time. That mother cat undoubtedly had a hard job rustling grub, for domestic cats are accustomed to being served with meals. It was brutal to shove her on her own resources at any time, but especially when about to bring other lives into the world.

Upon approaching the felines the mother arched her back and growled menacingly, indicating that she had begun to fear human beings already. It took me fully half an hour to win her confidence and convince her that I was friend instead of foe. I carried her and the kittens back home, treated them kindly and they remained at the house. Had I not happened along in that remote spot they might all have perished.

Wild life has a hard enough struggle as it is, without filling the forests with additional natural enemies. Cats make desirable pets and cause no trouble if kept domesticated. But they revert to the wild when placed "on their own" because necessity demands it.

Dead Horse Gulch

PERCIVAL P. BAXTER

Former Governor of Maine

IN the great Klondike stampede for gold that took place in 1898-99 the first stage of the journey began at tidewater at the little village of Skagway in Alaska, and from that town the gold seekers climbed up over the mountain passes to the summit and then floated down the great Yukon River on their voyages to Dawson, six hundred and forty miles to the north.

The most dangerous and difficult trail of all was the first one encountered which wound up through the valley to White Pass, some twenty miles north of Skagway. Men, mules, horses and dogs struggled up this trail in the dead of winter and heat of summer, all heavily laden with burdens far beyond what they should have attempted to carry.

The most hazardous place on the White Pass route became known as "DEAD HORSE GULCH" and here more than three thousand mules and horses laid down their lives in their service to man. These poor creatures died from lack of food, their legs were broken in the logs and rocks and they were mired in the swamps. Sometimes they were mercifully shot and at other times were left to die lingering deaths in the darkness and cold, but the survivors moved painfully on and on. In one instance alone, seventy men and women with their pack animals were blotted out by a single avalanche.

Looking back over the years the kind-hearted members of two organizations called "The Ladies of the Golden North" and "The Alaska Yukon Pioneers" felt that some memorial should be raised to the faithful pack animals who made possible man's access to the gold fields of the Klondike, and the following tablet was erected by them near the head of Dead Horse Gulch. It is located at a high point on the railroad line that now winds upward through the Pass and looks down across the valley up which men and animals toiled thirty-eight years ago.

The spot where the tablet is placed is most appropriate, for just below lies the actual trail which was the scene of these painful struggles. The railroad train always stops and allows passengers to dismount so that they may read the inscription which is a most fitting memorial to man's uncomplaining and faithful servants, the horses and mules of the Klondike stampede. The tablet reads as follows:

THE DEAD ARE SPEAKING

In memory of us 3000 pack animals that laid our bones on these awful hills during the gold rush of 1897-1898. We now thank those listening souls that heard our groans across this stretch of years. We waited but not in vain.

Placed by The Ladies of the Golden North and The Alaska Yukon Pioneers

A Friend to Animals

MRS. PAUL RITTENHOUSE

Director of National Girl Scouts, Inc.

Photograph from RUTH ALEXANDER NICHOLS

WHAT do we mean when we tell children that they must "be kind to animals"? And how can we make that somewhat diffuse admonition real and important to young people?

Any organization that works or plays with young people faces those questions. The Girl Scouts are trying to find a satisfactory approach to the problem and an effective way of applying it.

In the first place the Girl Scouts feel that "being kind to animals" means a great deal more than merely liking to look at animals, or giving them carrots, or petting them gently. Real kindness is based on genuine and sympathetic understanding of the life-habits of the animals in the child's environment. How then can we create this understanding?

This proves itself to be a three-fold task. The first part of the task is the insurance of kindness toward animals in the group code. Most children will readily accept the standards of their group; the desire to be "like the rest of the kids" is perhaps one of the most powerful motive forces among children. Therefore, if the "rest of the kids" accept as a part of their code the idea that they should be kind to animals, successive individuals will accept the idea without question. For that reason one of the ten fundamental Girl Scout laws is that "A Girl Scout is a friend to animals": she is kind to all animals and tries to protect them from neglect and cruelty.

This is the first step. Sympathetic understanding of animals must be added to that basic verbal expression of standards if the ideal is to be accomplished. Therefore the Girl Scouts are helped to observe and study the birds and animals with which they come in contact. There are Animal Finder and Bird Finder badges for the girls who wish to make a detailed study of these fields, but interest in and observation of animals is an important part of the Girl Scout program for all the girls. Every hike, every camping trip, every walk to and from school brings new material for discussion and study, and each individual channel widens out into the broader stream of general interest in animals. The chance discovery of an abandoned oriole's nest may easily lead to a discussion and examination of other local birds and their nesting habits, a visit to a natural history museum, the construction of a bird feeding-station. The knowledge which is accumulated in these ways, about the definite habits, needs, and personalities of the animals under observation, creates a feeling of what we may call "constructive kindness" toward animals on the part of the girls of the troop or patrol.

This growing knowledge and feeling of kindness naturally leads to the third step in the process, that of actual contact with, and care of, animals. As the girls' interest in animals grows they inevitably adopt pets of various kinds. Some troops acquire stray dogs or cats which become beloved parts of the troop life, the privilege of caring for

them carefully allotted; some camping groups make friends of their wild neighbors, chipmunks, rabbits, squirrels, deer, and even occasional bears. Individual girls take increased interest in the welfare of their family pets and domestic animals, realizing, perhaps for the first time, that these members of the family have individualities and needs as definite as those of their owners.

Some of the troops offer their services to local wild-life conservation agencies, and participate in their programs for making the neighborhood safe and attractive for birds and little wild creatures. Others use their new knowledge and power of observation in co-operating with the S. P. C. A. in seeing that the dogs, cats, cows, horses and other domesticated animals of the community receive the proper consideration.

Adults who are interested in animals, nature study, conservation, or any of those allied subjects, should examine the possibilities of the Girl Scout program, and assist their local troops in making real contributions along these lines, either to the education of the community, or to various community projects. And all animal-lovers should celebrate the Girl Scouts' Twenty-fifth Anniversary in 1937 with heartfelt appreciation of the work that the organization has done.

1809 Abraham Lincoln 1937

"It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other is the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You toil and work and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

Lincoln-Douglas Debate



GIRL SCOUTS ARE KIND TO ANIMALS

My Barn

MINA M. TITUS

*Cold, winter winds may howl outside,
My barn is snug and warm.
The horses nose their fragrant hay,
Unmindful of the storm.*

*I draw their woolen blankets close
And straighten Old Joe's mane.
I pat each wrinkled, velvet nose
That nuzzles golden grain.*

*Deep beds of straw so clean and bright
I shake in every stall,
For just beyond the tight-shut door
The drifting flakes still fall.*

*Then standing in the mellow dusk,
Made by my lantern's glow,
I pause to pray for faithful beasts
Unsheltered in the snow.*

Mr. Burgess to Lecture

As part of its observance of Humane Sunday (April 11, 1937) and Be Kind to Animals Week (April 12-17) the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has arranged with the popular nature writer, Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, to present his lecture, "Friendly Folk in Fur and Feathers," in the lecture room of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square, on Sunday, April 11, at 8 P. M. Both lantern slides and films will be used to illustrate the subject.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1937

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Tulsa's Shame

FROM all we can learn, the city of Tulsa, Okla., is attractive and prosperous, but, strange to say, it is, according to report, apparently indifferent to the welfare of unfortunate animals that live within its borders. A small group of devoted humane workers have given their time and money sacrificing and unstintedly to awaken enough interest in Tulsa to make possible a real society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The response from the citizens has been practically nothing. The city officials, it is alleged, have failed to co-operate with them. It seems almost unbelievable, in a day like this, where civilization is so largely measured by the response of human beings to the claims of animals for justice and compassion, that this city, if reports are true, has failed to rise in this respect to the level which characterizes the vast majority of metropolitan centers throughout the country.

A Remarkable Discovery

There comes to us through Reuter the following:

The discovery of an island off Alaska which swarms with rare sea otters—worth their weight in gold—has been announced by Senator Thomas in Washington.

On his return from a four-weeks' tour in Alaska, the Senator said that the otter refuge had been discovered by a commander of the coastguard. Three thousand otters were counted along the island's rocky shore.

Long believed to be virtually extinct, this species of sea otter produces one of the most valuable of all furs. Single pelts have been sold for as much as \$500.

Mr. Thomas asked that the island's name be kept secret until he could introduce legislation making it a permanent game preserve.

Every lover of animals will be vitally interested in knowing whether it is going to be possible for this island to be made a permanent game preserve.

Humane Sunday, April 11; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12—17, 1937.

Another Word from the Unbelievable Sparrows

THOSE who have read the extraordinary story told by Commander and Mrs. Holton concerning the Beep family of English sparrows will be glad to hear another word from them. Mrs. Holton writes us as follows:

"The Beep family arrived safely in Manila and have been through one typhoon which struck Manila about a week after our arrival. Commander Holton sailed from Shanghai, November 1, on the U. S. S. Blackhawk for Hong Kong, Singapore and Manila. On November 17 I sailed on the Canadian ship Empress of Russia for Manila with Beep, Jr. When my husband reached Hong Kong he wrote me of his trip ashore and said that going up the Hong Kong hills Beep, Mrs. Beep and their children flitted about watching him take pictures, and that two days out from Shanghai on the China seas the boatswain who supervised the scrubbing of the decks early in the morning reported to Commander Holton that the Beeps flew down to the deck from their hiding place on the ship and were so tame that they almost got in the way of the crew as they were scrubbing the decks. Beep flew around the bridge at this time and called out in his familiar notes to my husband as he flashed by, and then flew back to the ship."

The letter continues, saying that Beep and Mrs. Beep and the children are now full-fledged shellbacks, having crossed the Equator November 23. We wish we had room for more of the story of these strange birds.

Not Needed Here—Thank Heaven

The Home Office in England is considering a suggestion as to the wisdom of providing anti-gas respirators for dogs. Experimentation is being made with certain of these masks. It was found that the mask tied on certain dogs seemed to cause them no little annoyance, and *The Dog's Bulletin* of the National Canine Defence League says, "We think it would be a considerable time before one could overcome the average dog's objection to such a mask, although it is not possible to say whether adequate protection for a dog could be provided by any less irksome means. These particular masks have to be made to measure for each individual dog and are made abroad. The British device has not yet been submitted to us and we doubt if it is yet ready."

More Military Training

We learn that 60 army aviation courses have been offered to the colleges of this country and a job is promised to every student who completes the course and proves himself fitted for the position. It is stated further that money has been appropriated by the Government for this purpose and that the work is ready to be started.

Apparently it is the same old story—talk peace and keep preparing for war.

From "Tom" and "Jerry"

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
THE SUPERIOR COURT
BOSTON

THOMAS H. DOWD
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE

Dec. 22, 1936

To the Officials and Attendants
of the
Angell Memorial Hospital

Dear Sirs:

I wish to express to you my deep appreciation of your kindness to my two Irish terriers, "Tom" and "Jerry." They must at times seem a nuisance to you because of their frequent calls at the Hospital. It seems that every time they can evade our watchfulness the call of the wild seems to stir within them. Then off to the open spaces they scamper unrestrained by man-made bolts and bars. After hours of social calls and amenities required and recognized by select canine society, they drag their weary limbs to the portals of the club house of the Associated Dog Fraternity and receive a welcome hospice. Verily Tom must say to Jerry in some mysterious language of which poor humans know nothing, "Come on, Jerry, we're all tired out, let us put up at the club (Angell Memorial) tonight and the good officials will telephone the Judge and he will come after us and drive us home." I can think of no greater tribute to the great and humane work of your institution than this eloquent testimonial of the appreciation of kindness shown by the repeated calls at the Hospital of these two Irish terriers. Indeed, it sometimes does in truth seem that dumb creatures are more appreciative of kindness than humans. While you have always courteously refused compensation for your kindness, Tom and Jerry insist that I enclose a small check, with the hope that some less fortunate dumb creature may be made more comfortable. They also request me to extend a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the members of the Associated Dog Fraternity, in case they cannot get out to extend such greeting in person—who knows?

Very truly yours,

THOMAS H. DOWD

Again It Happens

A Miss Gladys Cote, of Chicago, we learn by the press, was fatally injured by a lion in an animal act in a Baltimore theater, dying a few days later. She was doing a specialty dance with trained wild animals, and one of the lions, which was supposed to pretend to attack her, actually did so.

When this act was staged in Chicago, complaints were made to the Chicago Humane Education Society that the act was annoying to the animals, that they seemed to resent it, and the protest was made to the theater management. This protest was ignored. Had it been heeded, it is quite possible Miss Cote might be living today.

These animal acts are growing rare, and we hope all members of the Jack London Club will either leave theaters where such performances are on the program or make their protest.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180

Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN

CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. HARRY COLE, Treas.; MRS.

AGNES P. FISHER, Ch. Work Com. First Tuesday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C.

KIRKE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. FAYNE, Treas. Second

Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S.

TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second

Thursday.

Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—

MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; CAPT. WIL-

LIAM K. YOUNGLOVE, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers ..	13,599
Cases investigated	457
Animals examined	4,899
Animals placed in homes	153
Lost animals restored to owners ..	50
Number of prosecutions	4
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	7
Horses humanely put to sleep ...	156
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,318
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	53,737
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely	
put to sleep	24

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Sarah W. Wight of Boston, Ellen M. Brown of Marblehead, Sarah Barnes Fisk of Somerville, George P. Cushing of Hingham, Mrs. Emily Ainsley of Boston, and Alice L. Stickney of Nashua, N. H.

January 12, 1937

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief of Staff

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER Including Springfield Branch

Hospital	Cases	Dispensary	Cases
Cases entered 993		2,813	
Dogs 733		Dogs 2,372	
Cats 249		Cats 401	
Birds 7		Birds 20	
Rabbits 2		Goats 17	
Goat 1		Horse 1	
Boa constrictor 1		Pig 1	
		Monkey 1	
Operations 1,044			

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 145,798

Dispensary Cases 354,920

Total 500,718

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	165
Cases entered in Dispensary	583
Operations	230

Tit for Tat

This story of a dog's sense of humor appeared in the *Journal of the English R. S. P. C. A.*:

An elderly lady rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa went a dog. In the sitting-room there was a comfortable chair, for which the old lady always made the first thing each morning. But, alas! It was also the favorite seat of the dog. She invariably found it occupied. Being afraid of the dog she dared not smack him to make him get off the chair, so she would go to the window and call out "Cats." Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair.

One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady already in possession of the chair. He strolled to the window, and looking out, began to bark excitedly. The old lady rose and hastened to the window, whereupon the dog climbed quickly onto the chair!

No Harm Done

A true dog lover had presented a puppy to a friend who called up in a few days, quite excited. "Oh," she wailed, "Skipper has chewed off one corner of our best oriental rug. What shall I do?" "Never mind," answered the dog lover soothingly. "If it's a real oriental the colors won't hurt him."

—Indianapolis News

The Horses' Christmas

FOR the twentieth season, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. provided free Christmas dinners for horses working on the streets and in the downtown market places in Boston. A large van, decorated with an ornamental tree, and loaded with individual bags of feed, was stationed at India Square. With the aid of a small motor car, a holiday treat consisting of oats, cut apples and carrots was made available to more than two hundred horses. Hot coffee and doughnuts were supplied the drivers. This annual custom is held as a deserving recognition of the faithful service that the horses are still rendering in the commercial life of the city and is made possible by the generosity of their constant friends.

Says the Boston Press of It:

It is pleasant to learn that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is to continue its custom of providing a Christmas feast for the work horses in the city. Most people may feel that there are extremely few horses in service nowadays, but the contrary is the case.

—Boston Post

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will, as has been its custom, recognize the claims of the many hundreds of horses still serving the citizens of Boston by presenting each horse with a bit of remembrance at the Christmas season.

—Boston Transcript

Years ago the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals inaugurated a happy observance. During the holiday season each year it sends trucks to certain points where horses are to be found in the greatest number and in lieu of "Merry Christmas" the horses are rationed a generous serving of oats, carrots and apples.

—Christian Science Monitor

A bit of remembrance at the Christmas season for many hundreds of horses still serving the citizens of Boston is again included in the program of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

—Boston Globe

It is characteristic of the good offices of the M. S. P. C. A. to arrange this Yuletide cheer for working horses which labor so patiently and efficiently for mankind.

—Boston Record

Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name

Age

Address



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, *Counsel*

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Dr. A. T. Ishkanian, Mexico
Joaquin Julia, Spain
Mrs. Alice W. Manning, Turkey

Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR DECEMBER, 1936

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 885
Number of addresses made, 283
Number of persons in audiences, 41,850

For Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Will You Help?

IN an editorial on the Plight of German Christians, published in *Unity*, it is said: "The persecutions of the Christians who have stood out against a lowering of Christianity, indeed a defilement of it, in both the Catholic Church and the Protestant Churches, have been less tragic in their completeness than the horrors against the Jews, but no one has ever learned one-tenth of the tortures of those Christians who had been threatened and imprisoned, hounded, and exiled. No one knows the exact total number, but it is estimated that there are about 14,000 Christian refugees from Germany scattered to many parts of the earth. Of these we are credibly told '2,000 are absolutely penniless, and the remaining 12,000 are rapidly becoming penniless.'"

Headquarters of The Christian Committee for German Refugees is at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York. Any gift for this work may be sent to Dr. Frank Ritchie, Secretary.

Mrs. Wilson Groshans

Mrs. Wilson Groshans, who had served efficiently as humane officer in Aurora, Illinois, since 1910, died of pneumonia, following influenza, at Copley Hospital, Aurora, December 30 last. She was an honorary member both of the American Humane Education Society and of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and was connected with several other humane and patriotic organizations. She had been very active in enrolling Bands of Mercy in the public schools of Illinois.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for November, 1936 — 30 Days

Daily average large animals	50.5	
Forage for same		\$70.00
Put to sleep	85	22.25
Transportation		16.48
Daily average dogs	10.3*	
Forage for same		7.22
Wages, grooms, watchmen and stable boys		52.37
Superintendent's salary		81.47
Veterinary's salary		20.95
Motor ambulance upkeep		8.11
Motor bicycle upkeep		1.47
Sundries		41.42
Actual operating expenses		\$321.74
Building upkeep account		14.79
		\$336.53

Entries: 14 horses, 16 mules, 98 donkeys.
Exits: 4 horses, 7 mules, 39 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 67 horses, 74 mules, 76 donkeys, 1 cow, 12 dogs, 3 cats.
Other fondouks visited: 70, all native fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 271 cases investigated, 5,458 animals seen, 878 animals treated, 55 animals transferred to Fondouk Americain, 3 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed.

* The Police Dept. of the Ville Nouvelle promises definitely the new pound by July, 1937.

G. DELON, Supt.

We have also received from the Fondouk in Fez the record for the past three years.

For large animals the daily average has been, 43.01; for dogs, 8.09; for all animals humanely put to sleep, the monthly average has been 28.77.

The average expense per month for each of the last three years has been: 1934, \$489.48; 1935, \$416.96; 1936, \$411.80; making an average of \$454.41.

The highest average of large animals has been for the year 1936, which was 52.90, the smallest in 1934, which was 37.28.

An Authority on Humane Education

DR. WILLIS A. SUTTON, superintendent of schools of Atlanta, Georgia, and in 1930-31 president of the National Education Association, in a letter to one of his supervisors writes as follows:

"I actually believe that if the children of the nation were taught to feel their responsibility toward the care of animals and toward the prevention of suffering, this sense of responsibility would extend to other individuals and that it would extend ultimately to people of other nations, and would go far toward eliminating war. I am requesting you to use every force in your power to bring this subject of Humane Education to every child in the Atlanta schools."

Seymour Carroll

We are glad to learn that the representative of our American Humane Education Society for South Carolina, Mr. Carroll, has been elected one of the directors of the American Committee for the enforcement of the Constitution.

DECEASED FRIENDS

Who Made Bequests to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society in 1936

NOTE:—Names of all earlier deceased friends, making similar bequests, appear in the issues of *Our Dumb Animals* for February, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935 and 1936.

Elizabeth C. Adams, Newbury
Mrs. Emily Ainsley, Boston
Edith L. A. Baylies, New Bedford
Annie E. Blake, Boston
Ellen M. Brown, Marblehead
Mary E. Brown, Boston
Inez H. Burnham, Winthrop
Ella R. Burt, Taunton
Ralph P. Cheever, Dedham
Clara K. Corliss, Boston
Sarah M. Cottrell, Bennington, Vermont
George P. Cushing, Hingham
Lillian E. Eddy, Boston
Edward H. Eldredge, Boston
Frances Straus England, Pittsfield
Sarah Barnes Fisk, Somerville
Alice McClure Foretier, Quincy
Edward Glines, Somerville
Mabel Hawkins, Daytona Beach, Florida
Jacob Hittinger, Belmont
Frank M. Hotchkin, East Natick
Bryan R. Houghton, Stoneham
Ella E. Jenness, St. Johnsbury, Vermont
Margaret S. Journeay, Waltham
Ella F. Kimball, Boston
Sarah Smith Look Lane, Tisbury
Elsie Fay Loeffler, Medfield
Martha L. Loomis, Visalia, California
Bessie C. Niles, Springfield
Adele C. Parmenter, Los Angeles, California
Louise Gaylord Pease, Chicopee
Harriet E. Perkins, Boston
Generva E. Ricker, Stonington, Connecticut
L. Waldo Smith, Brookline
Alice L. Stickney, Nashua, New Hampshire
Adelaide Carman Talmadge, Hartford, Connecticut
Archie R. Thomas, Springfield, Tennessee
Albertina Von Arnim, Brookline
Sarah W. Wight, Boston
Ludlow Carroll Willett, Baltimore, Maryland

Wild Doves

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*Ah, the wild doves!
I hardly had known
They were here at all,
So quickly it seems
They have flown.*

*The frightened wind
Beat in their wings;
I heard low voices
And they were gone,
Sweet startled things!*

*All spring I heard them,
And spring went soon:
Sadly they spoke
All the brown summer
Of summer's noon.*

*And summer went quickly
To sound of their calling.
Now hunters have come;
Brokenly, pitifully,
Wild doves are falling.*

*Ah the wild doves,
Where do they hide?
I would hold out my hands,
And call them to come,
Stay by my side.*

*They have gone with the spring,
They have taken the days
Of summer in flight;
And no bringing back
One day or one night.*

Froude writes, "History is a voice forever sounding across the centuries the law of Right and Wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on tables of Eternity. Justice and Truth alone endure."

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

The First Birds of Spring

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

WHAT is the first bird to return to its summer haunts after having spent the worst part of the winter elsewhere, where it is not so cold and where food of the kind it likes and requires is more plentiful? The answer to this question varies, because the first migrating bird to be seen depends upon where you live.

In some places the honor of being the first bird to return in the spring goes to the American crow. Crows are to be seen every month in the year in some places, since in winter they gather in large flocks and roost in the same woodland. The birds fly out over the surrounding country during the day and feed on a variety of food, almost anything in the line of grain, insects, mice and other things they can find. If you live near the winter feeding or roosting grounds of a flock, they are likely to be the first birds to return to your neighborhood after wintering elsewhere.

Although the crow has a bad reputation and is killed by many people, it is not bad all the way through. To be sure, it takes some grain, molests live stock, spreads the seeds of some noxious plants and sometimes kills birds and poultry. On the other hand, it spreads the seeds of useful plants, kills insects and rodents, eats carrion and otherwise is of service to us. Crows are to be found, a few here and a few there, much of the year, and then do little harm. Consequently, they should not be killed at all times, rather they should be left alone unless actually found doing serious damage.

Another bird you are likely to see in February is the horned lark. It is generally to be seen about fields and meadows, where it flits from one bare spot of ground to another and gleams a living of weed seeds. It always seems happy and contented and its pleasant, twittering, "chip-a-chee-chee" song is often to be heard.

The next birds you are likely to see are the bluebird and robin, which migrate about

the same time and are the first birds most folks notice in the spring. They return as early as February, if the weather permits, though ordinarily they do not move northward until the second week in March.

Six other birds are due about the time the bluebird and robin return; the song sparrow, killdeer, red-winged blackbird, rusty blackbird, grackle and meadowlark. Indeed, the day the robin and bluebird arrive you may hear and see the song sparrow, provided you take a walk to the shores of a stream or pond. This musical little bird has several sweet songs in its repertoire.

The killdeer is very common and an early spring migrant, sometimes arriving a day or two earlier than the bluebird and robin. When it does get back you are sure to know all about it, for it has a shrill voice and cries out loudly, "Kill-dee, kill-dee." This bird is to be seen about fields, gardens and the shores of streams, where the ground is free from weeds and grass, and it loves to run over newly ploughed ground.

The grackles, red-winged and rusty blackbirds, usually arrive next. Many grackles, or crow blackbirds, are to be seen along the shores of streams and ponds, creaking in harsh tones, though others are to be seen in trees along streets, or walking sedately over lawns looking for food. Red-winged blackbirds, which may be known by their gay red and yellow epaulets, are also to be seen about streams, ponds and marshes. The song of this bird is one of the most pleasant of all spring sounds, a loud, clear, ringing "chonk-er-ee" to be heard a long distance. Rusty blackbirds are about as large as the red-wing. The males are dressed in black and the females gray. They nest, as a rule, north of the United States, so we see them during the migrations mainly. Mixed flocks of red-wings, grackles and rusty blackbirds are often to be seen far from streams, and the birds often perch in trees and sing long



HANDSOME YOUNG CROWS. IN SOME PLACES THEY ARE THE FIRST BIRDS OF SPRING



YOUNG BRONZED GRACKLES ARE EARLY SPRING BUT LATE FALL MIGRANTS

and loudly—a bird choir worth going a long distance to hear.

The chubby meadowlark often is the last of our early spring birds to arrive. It is nearly always to be found on the ground in fields and meadows, although the male flies to the top of a post, tall weed or tree when he wishes to sing. "Spring is here," he sings in clear, sweet tones. And when you hear his "spring is here" you may be sure he is right and that winter is indeed over.

Is Instinct Kind or Unkind?

G. BURGESS STRONG

ARE children naturally kind to dumb animals or must they be taught? This is a question that arises from time to time and I have come to the conclusion that the latter is correct.

As an example, when our small dog was about six months old, she failed to return to the door to be admitted one afternoon. At intervals, we heard a distressed whining but could not discover where the dog could be. After a long search we found her in a huge barrel in the alley. Sticks, large stones and bricks had been generously piled in on top of her and one tiny front paw dangled helplessly when we placed her on the ground.

Of course, we realized that the dog couldn't have got into the barrel by herself, so it was a pretty angry family who began to make inquiries among the neighbors. One lady had seen the neighbor's four-year-old boy drop the puppy in the barrel, saying that he didn't like her. Why she didn't notify us or liberate the dog is still a matter of question.

A veterinarian placed the broken leg in a plaster cast and the dog stumped around on her make-shift leg quite cheerfully. On the day the cast was to have been removed, the dog walked into the house without it. This seemed providential to us, since we had been worrying about the proper manner of removing it without hurting the dog's leg, which appeared to be quite healed though slightly crooked at the lower joint.

Lecturing the small boy about cruelty to animals only produced a puzzled look, proving that he had no conception of what all the fuss was about.

Observation shows that while some children are eager to pet a dumb creature, others will throw rocks and otherwise show a callousness or indifference. Can this be due to the fact that they have no pets of their own or because they have not been taught to be kind to all dumb creatures?

I wish that every family might have at least one pet for their children and teach them, by example, to love and protect our dumb animals; especially that faithful friend of mankind—the dog.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.



Photographing the Woodpecker

V. WINIFRED CHIVENS

THE cunning little red-headed woodpecker in the picture has climbed to the door of his home in a telephone pole to gaze out at a strange and bewildering country, calling loudly to his parents for food.

We decided we must have his photograph. He very quickly disappeared as we began preparations and erected a stand for the camera near the entrance. This done, we withdrew a short distance. Little Red-Head then ventured out, but the first thing he saw was the camera lens, and the sight of that cold, glittering eye sent him scuttling back into the hole. After a time he again clambered up to the opening. Looking about in every other direction, he tried to convince himself that that object which had so frightened him was gone, but irresistibly that menacing eye claimed his attention. The outside world immediately lost its attraction and he ducked to darkness and safety.

After several repetitions of this performance, he at last decided the dreadful thing must really be harmless, so sat in the doorway, clinging tightly with his toes and leaning far out as if about to "take off" and go discovering on his own. This was our opportunity. The string was pulled. The camera shutter clicked and flashed. Was he frightened? He literally fell back into the nest. It almost seemed that we could hear him bounce as he landed on the bottom of the hollow post. A few days later he left his home for the great open spaces; but his photograph still causes us many a smile, as we recall his antics.

"Like a Thunderbolt He Falls"

ALETHA M. BONNER

*"He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,*

*He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."*
TENNYSON in "The Eagle"

FROM the days of Euripides, the Grecian poet who lived from 480 to 406 B.C., and who wrote, "The whole air is a thoroughfare for the eagle," to the present century and its contemporary printed word, the bird of the "broad and sweeping wing," has stood as undisputed chief of the aerial highways.

Not only is he the master-ace of the air, but from the life-period of Gaius Marius, the Roman Consul-General, to the colorful career of Benito Mussolini, the Italian Dictator-Commander, the military world has ever been eagle-minded in the molding of its flag-staffs and spear-heads, of its sword-hilts and body-shields.

An eagle appeared on the royal seal of the King of Ur and from that remote date on into modern times the effigy has found imprint in seal, and on the coinage of countless realms and republics. Included in this ensemble of countries showing national preference for such a symbol of winged power is the United States. On its great official seal the eagle is presented with out-spread wings, and a shield on its breast. In the right talon it holds an olive branch, in its left a sheaf of arrows (the significance of these emblems finding expression in the phrase "the hope for peace and the power for war"); while issuing from the beak of the bird is a scroll inscribed: "E Pluribus Unum" (One out of many).

This emperor of the air, this sovereign hero of national heraldry and numismatics, needs no physical delineating—he is too well-known to be described. It is impossible for him to travel incognito, for his hooked beak, which serves for "knife, fork, and spoon," piercing eyes, expanse of wing, and brawny body are identification marks common only to his kind.

The representative members of the royal feathered family are fairly uniform in build and form; these are the bald eagle, also known as the "Washington," or "American bird," being the species which has been chosen as the national emblem of the United States; and the golden eagle. Contrary to the term "bald," the bird, as named, is so called not from a lack of feathers, but because of the effect produced by its plumage-pattern of white head and neck. For the same feather-head-dress reason, the royal cousin, with its head and neck feathers of brown shaded out to a bright tawny buff of golden glint, is named "golden."

A lover of the heights the eagle chooses as nesting-site the rocky ledge of a high cliff, or perchance its huge eyrie forms the crown to a commanding tree. Here in the lofty and spacious castle young eaglets spend the first ten to twelve weeks of their lives, fed and disciplined by the parent birds; and then come first lessons in flight. An Old Testament writer has described this period of training with picturesque

skill: "The eagle stirreth up her nest, flut-tereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings." Such, in brief, is a pictorial description of one of the most magnificent sights in the bird world. In teaching their offsprings the maneuvers of flight the parents exercise the greatest care, lest the wing-strength of their nestlings be over-taxed.

Many writers, composers, and painters have portrayed in verse and prose, in music score, and on canvas the wing-power, the soaring-glory, and the air-dominion of the Monarch of Motion. From a legion of lines paying him tribute probably a fragment of verse by Lord Tennyson proves the most outstanding in point of colorful wording. Excerpts from such a fragment are quoted above, however the poem should be read in its entirety, that larger appreciation may be felt for the Englishman poet, as he describes the scenic background as well as the precipitate flight of the bird. Truly does the very atmosphere of the "vast loneliness" of wild mountain heights permeate the verse, while the marvelous flying prowess of the "winged thunderbolt" is dramatically expressed.

In perfect co-ordination with the Tennysonian description of wind-swept heights and avian skill, is the musical setting of the poem itself, as composed by Edward MacDowell, America's master tone-poet. Not only is such a musical paraphrase one of the most effective examples of descriptive music on record, but it is an eloquent personal tribute to the king of the air. The score is short (only some twenty-six measures), yet it is so dramatically virile in its dynamic force, as to cause one to feel that the composer surely must have scored his theme with his eyes directly fastened on the object. That his vision was steady and his notation accurate one has but to hear, or play, the composition—it is correctly complete.

The eagle in action and in repose has been placed on canvas with admirable skill. A representative example of the bird in art is to be found in the oil portraiture of Gaudenzio Ferrari, Milanese painter of the early school of Italian art. A word of mild criticism might be voiced against minor discrepancies found in the placing of feather-clad legs on the body of the bald eagle by some of our younger school of artists. The shanks of this bird in *real* life are bare—the golden eagle wears the feather leggings. It is presumed, however, that feathers are thrown in "for good measure," by generous-minded draftsmen!

Whether as the living personification of freedom and power, a symbolized standard of strength and courage, or whether found in literature, music, and the decorative arts, our bird air-brother is a superb and dynamic figure: the earth is his footstool, the sky is his throne.

If we remember rightly, it was Theodore Parker who said, "If Ellery Channing tells me a book is good I know I have a day longer to live."

In making your will, please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Squirrels in Winter

ELLA M. FOLEY

ONE day last winter while driving through the park I noticed a number of lean, gray squirrels running along the crusted surface of the snow. I began to wonder how these small creatures would ever be able to get at their food supplies buried in the ground beneath this frozen blanket. I stopped the car and instantly one of the little fellows either less timid or more desperate than the others, ventured up to within a few feet of the running board and, sitting back on his haunches, eyed me expectantly. Having nothing to give him I regretfully drove away but the following day, armed with a bag of walnuts, pecans and filberts, I returned and sought out the clump of trees in which I believed these little creatures lived.

The place seemed deserted and the air was intensely cold, so after making several ineffectual attempts to summon these little tree-dwellers to the banquet table I decided to scatter a few handfuls of nuts on the ground in the hope that they would discover them. I began to do so but hardly had the first few nuts gone rolling across the frozen snow when all around me I heard a scratching and a scraping and down from the trees came pouring a veritable horde of hungry squirrels.

For the next half-hour the place was a scene of noisy and excited activity with little, gray streaks racing up and down the trees and churning up the snow as they darted hither and yon across its white expanse, all to the accompaniment of a continuous cracking, crunching and chattering. Pouncing upon the clusters of nuts, each squirrel would seize one in his forepaws, fix it securely between his teeth, then scurry up a tree to a comfortable resting-place where he would proceed to do justice to the delicate morsel. After having devoured a quantity of nuts with great relish, they proceeded to carry the rest away for storage in secret hiding places. Each squirrel, apparently, had his own private caches and some of them were at a distance. One little fellow would race for fully fifty yards, a nut firmly clenched between his teeth, then stop and peer warily about him before darting behind a huge tree. Evidently he had a secret hole in or about that tree. Many of them buried their nuts in the snow, each nut in a different place. I watched one sly, old fellow dig seven or eight holes in widely separated spots and then carefully rake the snow over his treasures. He was not going to put all his eggs in one basket.

On this occasion I managed to coax a few of my furry friends to take a nut from my fingers but the rest, after venturing near, were overcome with timidity.

During the remainder of the winter I made it a practice to visit this spot at least once a week, and my arrival with the crackly bag was always noted. Before I would have a chance to even open it, the squirrels would be clustered around me, squatting on their haunches, eager for the feast they knew was at hand. As we became better acquainted they would

take the nuts from my hand and would even crawl upon my lap to get at the contents of the bag. Occasionally, they quarreled and chased one another, but I believe these misunderstandings arose whenever one squirrel felt that a companion had designs on a particular nut which he regarded as his personal property.

I look back upon the time I spent last winter with my little, furry friends as a series of most enjoyable afternoons and I look forward to seeing them again—as I know they will be looking for me—when the ground is frozen and the food is scarce.

Lo, the Poor Skunk

FERN BERRY

Mother Nature made the skunk a fearless animal. He need not turn away from the pathway of his foes for he is equipped with a powerful weapon, more dreaded than claws, fangs or strength, by the other and larger animals and birds of prey. Even man has a great respect for the skunk. Ages of this fearlessness has made the skunk bold. He does not turn aside. But—there is one thing that fears not the weapon of the skunk. For this reason the roadside is scattered with the poor slaughtered animals. This terrible roaring monster with blinding lights and speeding wheels does not turn out for the little striped animals walking so proudly and with unconcern along the roadway.

In another generation the skunk may learn that he must keep out of the way of the speeding motor car. Unless he does learn this lesson he will be the loser.

Humane Sunday, April 11; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12—17, 1937.



WHO SAYS ANIMALS DON'T LAUGH? THIS LITTLE COYOTE CERTAINLY HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR!

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. Send to headquarters for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine hundred and thirty-one new Bands of Mercy were reported during December. Of these there were 287 in Illinois, 179 in Georgia, 152 in Massachusetts, 116 in Virginia, 82 in Maine, 80 in South Carolina, 18 in Tennessee, eight each in Newfoundland and Pennsylvania, and one in Indiana.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 220,900.

A Brown "Mutt"

GEORGE A. MAURER

*I did not want a dog around,
Of any kind, and so
When Junie fetched a cur he'd found
I ruled it soon must go.*

*"Be rid that dog most quickly, Son!"
I bade, with snap and sting.
"I would not have a high-bred one,
Much less that mongrel thing!"*

*Unwanted? Yes, indeed! And yet,
Sans breed and pedigree,
That dog was soon the pampered pet
Of Ma, the kids—and me.*

I Knew She Was a Lady

EVA WILLES WANGSGARD

I DID not know her name nor where she lived except that her home must be somewhere in the rear of the block. That much I learned by watching her pass down the alley each day while I stood irrigating the flowers on that side of the house.

She was an attractive little thing with a dignified manner which she wore very well in spite of her small stature. She was beautifully dressed in a perfect-fitting gray coat with a fine white fur collar that extended down the front. She wore a close-fitting cap of the same material and her feet were shod in fine footwear that matched perfectly. Her walk was the most distinguished thing about her. She had the softest tread. I should never have been able to hear her step along the pavement had I been about my household tasks instead of spending that hour every morning in the garden.

She was such a quiet little thing that I wondered if she were not lonesome. One morning I determined to make her acquaintance, so I called in the friendliest voice I could command, "Good morning. Have you time to visit awhile?"

She walked on with her eyes straight ahead as if I had not spoken.

I was not to be so lightly rebuffed, however, and spoke again the next time I saw her. I might just as well have spoken to the begonias—better, perhaps, for the begonia does nod to me and curtsies gracefully if I touch it. Not so, my new neighbor. I could get no response from her.

I did not once see her husband. Perhaps she was not married, but I assumed she was. Anyway, I wondered what her husband did that kept him so much away from home. Maybe, he had deserted her and that was why she was so quiet. Perhaps she had married beneath her station and was trying to maintain her dignity at all costs. No matter why, there is no denying that she held herself aloof.

One morning she went by as I was carrying a pail of milk in from the car. "Good morning," I called as usual.

She walked on with her former indifference.

Then, I had a sudden inspiration. "Won't you have a drink of milk with me?" I asked. "It is very good milk. We get it fresh from the farm every morning."

She did not answer so I set her glass of milk on the bench by the door and went about my work. That time she stopped and turned back. I dislike confessing that I really spied on her while I pretended to give my whole attention to my garden. I know it was she who drank the milk because I saw her. The incident seemed to be of little use in improving our relations, for she certainly snubbed me as regularly as before.

I noticed that she came by me directly after leaving the corner grocer's. It occurred to me that Mrs. Lewis, the grocer's wife, might be well acquainted with her and could relieve my curiosity, but I could not discuss my social snubs with the grocer's wife. After all, I have some dignity.

One day, I saw Mrs. Lewis walk down the drive. "Now why is she going to the back door?" I wondered.

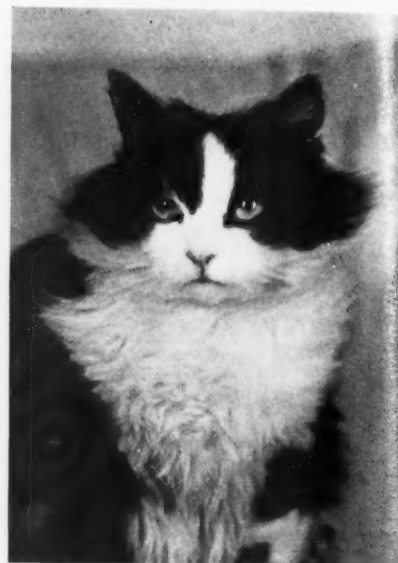
Then I waited and waited for the knock that did not come. "Where did she go?" I asked myself.

My curiosity led me to the back window. From there I could see her standing by the box elder tree. I suppose I should not call it a tree, but it had been one. The heavy wind of May had uprooted it and now it lay, just a large trunk with its great roots exposed to the sun, prone across the hole that its roots had made as they tore loose. She was peeking under the trunk. Mrs. Lewis must have felt queer to be behaving so in my back yard, for she looked around to see if she were being watched. When she saw me at the window, she beckoned for me to come. I ran out and stood beside her.

"You must have seen her pass," she said. "I've missed her often, lately. Today, when I saw her, I followed. Look."

I looked where she indicated. There under the stump in the soft, brown leaves lay my new neighbor, fully clothed, in her gray coat with its white fur trimmings. Beside her lay five tiny kittens.

Mrs. Lewis turned to me. "Do you mind if I leave her here until her family is old enough to move?" she asked.



Keep Your Cat Indoors

DR. HUGH F. DAILEY
Chief Veterinarian, Angell Animal Hospital

WITH weather forecasters predicting spells of sudden and severe cold, it would be a good idea to keep your house cat indoors at night.

Many people think because a cat is well-furred, it needs no particular protection. It is astonishing how many kind-hearted persons hold that view. They wouldn't dream of turning their dog out into bitter weather, because they know he is not capable of looking after himself like a cat. A dog will lie on a cold doorstep for hours, with an occasional whine, but a cat, once she made up her mind she was locked out, would seek shelter elsewhere, perhaps under the veranda, or in a shed.

What these people fail to remember is that the average petted house cat has lost a lot of its resistance to cold. An alley cat can take care of herself. She has some nest somewhere and can keep fairly comfortable. It is her regular mode of life. But the cat reared in a warm home has lost not only resistance to cold, but something of a self-protective instinct as well. Such cats are apt to have their pads frozen as the least of their troubles, with pneumonia as a major danger.

The trouble comes with the sudden drops in temperature to which this section is subject. Twenty to thirty degrees is not unusual, and that spells danger to a cat. So the safe plan is to see to it that she is snugly inside at night during the winter, regardless of what the temperature may be at bedtime. It is the humane thing to do, and the sensible thing if you value your cat.

New Leaflet Ready

The unusual story on this page entitled, "I Knew She Was a Lady," by Eva Willes Wangsgard, has just been published by the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, as a two-page leaflet. Price, 50 cents per 100 copies, postpaid.



Lullaby for Kittens

E. MERRILL ROOT

*Fold your sky-blue eyes and keep
Little thorny paws asleep
(While small bubbles made of purr
Shake the softness of your fur.)*

*Pale pink mouth—bright gate of dream—
Savor now no mouse or cream;
Flower-petal tongue, be still:
You have lapped your snowy fill.*

*Taper tail, so good to chase,
Curl around the tilted face;
Feet, so swift to run or leap,
Pillow now these buds of sleep.*

*Furry ears, be slumber-stuffed;
Whiskers, drowse in silver tuff;
Frolic chubby bodies lie
Hushed in perfect lullaby!*

Wily Mr. Woodchuck

DORIS GOLTERMAN

SCAMPERING over nearly all the American fields, the brown woodchuck rears his family and continues to flourish because he never forgets to "stop, look, and listen." Despite the fact that he must constantly face danger and sudden death from larger foraging animals, as well as man, there are probably more woodchuck families living contentedly today than there were when the Mayflower hove into port.

Mr. Woodchuck relies upon his nerves, eyes, and ears. He cannot run speedily away from an enemy like a rabbit or scamper into a tree like a squirrel nor does he have any weapons of defense like the skunk or porcupine.

Have you ever watched this shy, brown creature from a distance? Did you notice that he never takes half a dozen steps nor a bite of grass without pausing? Every few moments he raises his head, stands erect on his haunches, and looks searchingly in all directions. At the slightest unusual sound or movement he vanishes into his burrow.

This burrow is his only protection besides his eyes, ears and nerves. He has learned to dig a deep and ever widening passageway under ground for his home. This passageway has at least two openings for emergencies, and he never ventures far from one of the doorways of this tunnel.

Mr. Woodchuck has learned another important lesson through hundreds of years of ancestral experience. It is "Early to bed and early to rise." He always retires to his cozy home under the ground before dusk, a trifle earlier than the great horned owl and the sly, red fox start their evening prowls.

Isn't it fascinating to know that this tiny denizen of the fields has to go to bed early and "stop, look and listen" when he crosses his country streets just as human boys and girls do?



How Many Birds in the Tree?

ALFRED I. TOOKE

How many bird names can you spell out in the above diagram, starting at any letter you like each time and moving one square at a time in any direction. (There is HEN right in the middle, for instance). Do not use the same square twice in any one name. If you can find fifteen birds in the tree you are good; eighteen is very good; twenty is excellent. It is possible to get twenty-three.

Correct answers will be printed next month.

Answers to "How Many Animals?" in last month's puzzle: The numbers show on which square each name starts and finishes.

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------|---------------|
| Rat (2-1) | Hare (6-8) | Horse (25-20) |
| Cat (3-1) | Hart (6-1) | Roe (23-20) |
| Bear (4-2) | Moose (5-20) | Dog (22-21) |
| Mice (5-8) | Camel (3-18) | Doe (22-17) |
| Monkey (5-12) | Elk (17-13) | Yak (12-13) |
| Mink (5-13) | Kine (13-18) | Ram (2-11) |

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH! Helen Trevelyan.

The author of this book of a half-dozen chapters and of striking title is also an actress and so perfectly familiar with the theatrical stage. She is one, we believe, in whom all *genuine* animal lovers may place their fullest confidence. In "Heaven's Rage," issued but a few months ago, she laid bare the facts and the cruelties too long concealed from the public's knowledge.

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh!" has a wider scope, for in it Miss Trevelyan takes as her subject, zoos, trapping, hunting, and the use of wild animals in films and circus performances. And as one reads the story of her own remarkable experience when she asked to be allowed to watch a circus animal being trained, one is more ready than ever to take her word against that of any proprietor or trainer of animals.

One of Miss Trevelyan's chief gifts is unquestionably her profound understanding of animal psychology. Her book is not only a protest against cruelty; it gives us fresh insight into an animal's life and world. She has seen how fine the relationship between us and our own pets or other animals can be.

Such a well-written, lively and sensible book, relying on common sense and not on sensationalism, deserves to make a big appeal to all interested in animal welfare, and to be widely circulated among those who are still asleep to the cruelties of animal exploitation.

It will be our desire to promote the circulation of this book here in the United States, especially among the members of our Jack London Club and we hope to reprint extracts from the author's own words, for the benefit of our readers.

116 pp., 3/6, net. The C. W. Daniel Co., Ltd., 40 Great Russell St., London.

THE MASTER OF MILLSHAVEN, Clarence Hawkes.

Another volume from the pen of the blind writer of Hadley! Despite the handicap of having lost much of his property in the terrific flood of early 1936, Mr. Hawkes does not let the year go by without bringing out a new book, this time a story which will delight the hearts of young and old. The type of character portrayal is shown in the dedication: "To my Dear Wife, after whose courageous life I have modeled the heroine of this book." A prominent New England newspaper speaks of the author as "a modern hero." On a recent birthday, Mr. Hawkes declared that despite the loss of his right leg and of his eyesight, "It's been

a happy life, all in all, and I am satisfied if through my books I have taught to children my love for wild life and the necessity for conservation." All his books are 100 per cent wholesome, and "The Master of Millshaven" is no exception.

190 pp. \$2. Chapman & Grimes, Boston.

Genius Is Merciful

CHRIS SEWELL

IT is a striking fact in England that among our most powerful allies in the anti-blood sports campaign are men and women dedicated to the Arts.

Take such outstanding figures of the past as Thomas Moore or William Blake, the latter of whom wrote:

"Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain doth tear."

Or notice Dr. Johnson's sonorous attack: "It is very strange and very melancholy that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them."

It was John Ruskin who, on the subject of the pursuit of the otter made the memorable criticism: "Reflect whether that which is best worthy of contemplation in a hound be its ferocity, or in an otter its agony, or in a human being its victory over a little fish-catching creature a foot long."

Leigh Hunt and George du Maurier were also vocal: so was Oscar Wilde: "The unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable" has indeed passed into a proverb. It was the latter's description of a fox-hunting Squire.

Wordsworth told us: "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels," and many other of our poets (notably Browning, Tennyson, and Shelley) have sung with the utmost tenderness the beauty and pain of our "brothers and sisters" the animals. Nor in this twentieth century does the cause lack support from the Olympians.

Bernard Shaw slaughters the slaughterer without compunction. "I believe," he says, "that the time will come when a gentleman found amusing himself with a gun will feel as compromised as he does now when found amusing himself with a whip at the expense of a child or an old lame horse."

H. G. Wells insists that in a better educated community the "mere witless killing which is called sport today" will inevitably give place to something more worthy.

Galsworthy and Eden Phillpotts have made memorable utterances, as have Dean Inge, John Masefield, Marjorie Bowen, Hall Ratcliffe, and others.

And our younger generation seem even more fiercely indignant. We have just lost, alas! Gerald Gould, poet, scholar, brilliant reviewer, and vice-president of the League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports: but Beverly Nichols (another vice-president) is an outstanding protagonist of the animal cause—so much so that a short time ago, when attending the cinema with Ivor Novello and Noel Coward, the three young men raised Cain when a film dealing (if my memory serves) with the trapping of big game was shown.

Actors feel quite as strongly on this question as do writers: Sybil Thorndike is an outstanding example; and she makes no secret of it.

I could, if space permitted, go on increasing the list, but perhaps I have said enough to prove that to the sensitive soul of genius, with its quick susceptibilities and its wide understanding, "killing for play" is hateful and hideous.

Collie's Long Vigil Over

The long vigil of "Shep," a collie dog who waited for twelve years at the elevator entrance in St. Anthony's Hospital, Rock Island, Illinois, for Francis McMahon, his dead master, is over, says the *New York Times*.

Shep was struck by an automobile in front of the hospital and badly injured. He attempted to crawl back into his accustomed place in the hospital and attracted the attention of Franciscan Sisters. They could not help him and the dog was shot by the police.

A few years ago the story of Shep's vigil was carried in English and foreign language newspapers and magazines throughout the world. His master, on entering the hospital in 1924, had told Shep to wait. Accustomed to following commands from McMahon, the dog had never deserted his post except for short intervals. McMahon's body was taken from the hospital by another door the day after he entered.

Our Dumb Animals

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Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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